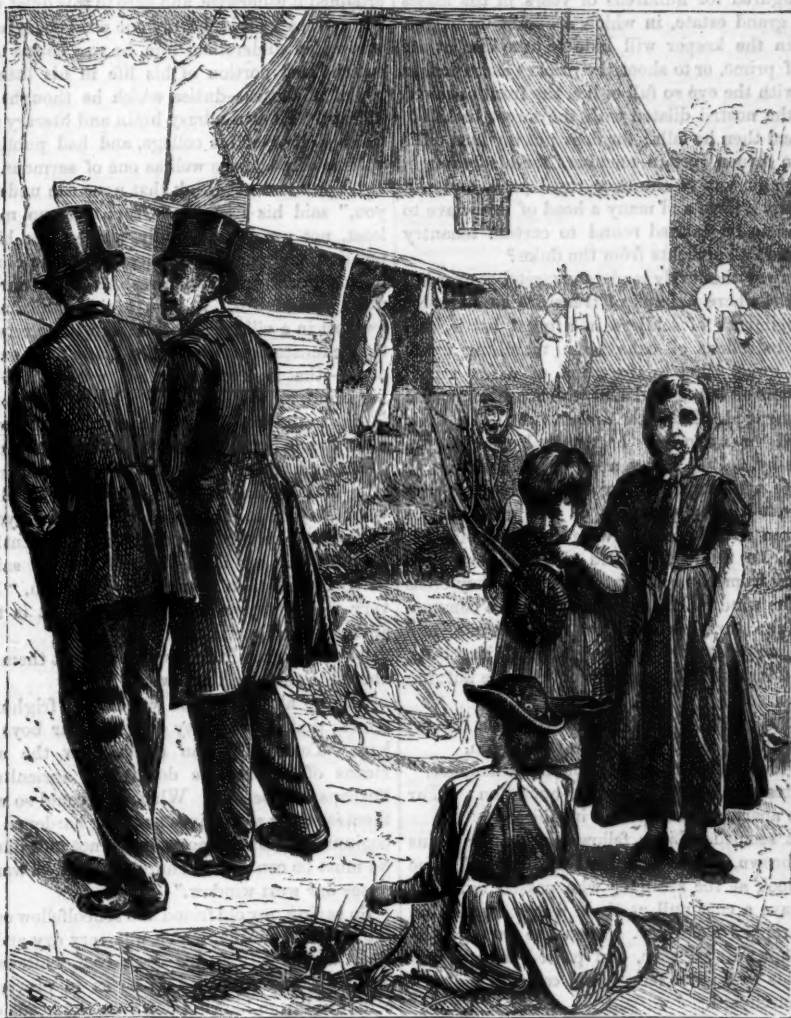


THE QUIVER

Saturday, February 2, 1867.



(Drawn by G. J. PINWELL.)

"Came out to look at the stranger who passed by."—p. 36.

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLE LIFE."

COAT-ARMOUR AND SAINTS.

FAR away in the leafy country, where an eternal quiet reigns, and not even the scream of the all-pervading railway is heard, the reader will find

me. When he has crossed a great and celebrated park, celebrated for unfortunate crime, and crime more successful and cunning, and therefore rewarded in this world, he will come upon the

deserted high road which leads to the village wherein the church, decorated by this window, is situated.

The park is full of soft thin grass, softer than a velvet carpet, and old trees—memorial trees which have figured for hundreds of years in the leases of the grand estate, in which are built up lodges, wherein the keeper will hide to take aim at the stag of prime, or to shoot the pricket as he dashes past, with the eye so full of life, the frontlet raised high, the nostril dilated with the sweet breath of life—and then he falls; for does not my lord duke wish to return certain members for his borough, closely adjacent to the once royal park, and will not many a fawn and many a head of deer have to fall and to be carried round to certain tenantry and voters as presents from the duke?

Far away the lovely landscape stretches over hill and dale, where clumps of trees are set in order like regiments of soldiers in a great battle, and where battalions of oaks seem marching up in double quick time to the relief of a few mixed squadrons of beech and elm which are somewhat hotly engaged. The deer and fawns lift up their antlered or unhorned heads, and gaze at the passers-by. Past many a sweet dell, and over a bridge which spans a large artificial lake they journey, till they pass out of the great duke's park into a close copse, where the rabbits fly, startled, to their holes, and the pheasant rises whirring from the bracken. And then they cross again the winding coach-road, and over a common where the turf has been cut by peasants, and stands packed to dry like so many soldiers' huts, dwarfed indeed, but looking bigger in the autumn twilight.

"We are now in the village of Stretton Longa; rightly indeed called *long*," says the parson.

"Wide was his cure, the houses far asunder," ejaculates his guest, with a quotation. "Far enough apart, and but poorly inhabited."

So it seemed. Little fellows with their skins burnt brown, and their flaxen hair bleached, came out to look at the stranger who passed by. The boys gave a curt pull at their forelocks, and the girls dropped a curtsey. Then the two gentlemen leapt a dwarf stile, and passed over one or two fields with stone fences, and came to the back of a churchyard.

"A quaint old church," said the guest; "Early English, I suppose?"

"Yes; it dates back to the time of Henry III. Stretton Magna, Parva, and Longa must have been populous villages then; but the long wars which ensued, and the making of that big park, and perhaps the superior attractions of trade and manufactures, have rendered our population thin and sparse."

He sighed as he said it. He was a clergy-

man who wished for a larger sphere, and hoped to work and do good perhaps in a town, or, it may be, in the chief city itself, where he could grapple with the questions of the day, with sin and sorrow brought face to face with him. But Providence had ordained it otherwise, and here in this quiet village, without, as he said, hardly one of his congregation who could understand him, he was bound to wear out the best portion of his life in his little daily round of duties—duties which he thought insignificant. He had a busy brain and literary tastes; was a Fellow of his college, and had published a volume of poems as well as one of sermons.

"You must not think that none can understand you," said his friend. "Of course, no man—at least, not every man—fully appreciates his own position; and perhaps the greatest cause of misery in this world is the non-realisation of our exact place and duties. A man highly educated may feel lost in a village like this; but if he remember that education is entirely for *himself* (in one view of it)—that it is to strengthen, uphold, and widen his mind, as well as to help him to perform his duties to the world, he will not repine. How many men, wearied and worn with London work, tired to death with trying to mow down the ever-growing crop of tares and thistles which the devil sows, would be glad to exchange for a time with you this sweet security of peace and calm retirement!"

"Ah! the key is in the west door," said the parson. And then he added, with a sigh, "It's all very well, but you don't know what it is to live amongst the Boeotians."

"Teach some of the young ones; fit them to go abroad in the world and work."

"To go abroad in the world and frighten the crows; that is what they do with their boys down here. You hardly can realise how the narrow means of poverty tie down our agriculturists. Perhaps it is best so. What else could so well fit them for their sorry lives as being hardened at the beginning? But come, we must not talk like this; we must be content, in church at least. I want you to see our west window."

So saying, my old friend and schoolfellow entered the little old church, which was very dry and very white inside, with an old open roof, whitewashed, of course, and plastered up so as to prevent the cold wind from blowing down on the heads of the congregation. A little chancel, with a dilapidated communion-table, covered with a decent cloth—then turned up—boasted of two chairs, although the parson never had any help, but went boldly through the whole service with a painful idea of monotony. In the chancel two or three dwarf forms on each side showed where the little boys and girls sat, and shuffled, and yawned the sermon through, under the superintendence of my friend's wife, a lady born and bred, and fitted for society,

and who, to say the truth, took very unwillingly to her part of the bargain of life. When we were in the church she came up and shook hands with the visitor, and welcomed him.

"I am come to make everything neat," said she, —turning down the communion-cloth—"at least, as neat as it can be. Is not the church dilapidated?"

"Well, it is rather naked," said the person appealed to; "cannot you make your parishioners subscribe to renovating it? Is it not shameful to have a church in this state? Now pray, Mrs. Courtenay, where is your pew—this, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," said the lady. "By the way, I wish you could, with due reverence, wear hats as we wear bonnets——"

"Because of the angels," interrupted the clergyman, with a little bit of clerical learning. "Don't you see, my dear? because the angels—messengers or missionary preachers—should not be distracted by the beautiful faces and glorious hair, and, no doubt, gorgeous head-ornaments, of some of their hearers."

"Don't I know?—of course I do. Have you not often explained it before? No, Mr. Stapleton, that is not our pew; that belongs to the Honourable Colonel Vavassor, the late duke's brother—he was then earl only; and this next pew, comfortably lined with baize, belongs to the servants of the great house. So I go and sit among the boys and girls; on the whole, I prefer the girls, because, although they do sing dreadfully out-of-tune, and in a pitch excruciatingly high, yet they are not so dreadfully smelly as the boys, especially in summertime, when the afternoons are close and warm."

Poor lady! educated for a society in which Italian music, French dresses, and the finest English perfumes were a necessity, no wonder she found the corduroy and fustian of the little plough-boys "smelly."

The guest smiled, as he thought this over, sadly enough, but he answered, cheerily, "Well, I shall sit in the free seats to-morrow; I fancy one is as near heaven there as in the finest pew in Christendom. Why, Courtenay, what a fine old font you have! why do not the Vavassors restore this church? What a little jewel it would be!"

"Why did you not say *bijou*?" said Mrs. Courtenay, with a smile.

"Because I prefer my own language to French, as infinitely more expressive, and because, moreover, I would not use that fine-lady term to a church, however decorated. There is a fitness in things."

"Yes, so there is, and if you knew the Vavassors you would not ask why they do not repair the church. There, that is their doing, and that is about all we shall get from them."

Mrs. Courtenay pointed to the west window, in

which three pallid saints, each with his golden aureole, floating in a circular ring above his head, stood long, thin, and angular, and with his eyes cast up, as if praying for the souls of the deceased Vavassors, three of whom the window was erected to commemorate.

"Yes," said the guest, "these windows are fashionable now, and are happily contrived a double debt to pay: they ornament the church, and they serve for a splendid monument—splendid, indeed, for they shine with more than the brilliancy of gold or of the Tyrian dye—of certain of our deceased. Does not this remind you of Keats's 'Casement high and triple arch'd,' wherein were panes

'Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,

As are the tiger-moth's deep damask wings;

And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldies,

And twilight saints and dim emblazonings,

A shielded scutcheon blash'd with blood of queens and kings?"

"Yes, it does," answered the lady. "And how do you like the window?"

"It seems out of place in this bare old church," said the Rev. Mr. Courtenay; "too much like a great blazing carbuncle and gold brooch stuck in the stomach of a plain and godly Quakeress."

"Yes," mused the guest; "not a bad simile; not quite suited to us;" and then he put by the question with a sudden excursus into family history. "There is the dragon's head erased of the Vavassors; three of them; sable, on a field gules; a simple shield, a fine old family. Pride even survives the grave."

"Oh, no, it does not," said the parson. "You see the people who put up that window are not buried yet. For those who sleep below reckon little whether the simulance of twilight saints are praying over them, or the sea wind sweeps and moans above the liquid and motive grave which holds them in a perpetual state of ebb and flood till the judgment day."

"I should like to die at sea," said the lady.

"So should not I," answered the guest; "give me the firm warm mother earth, and let not my bones be washed white, and my flesh devoured by strange fishes. Let me resolve into my native elements, the ever fecund, all-producing red loam of which Adam was made."

"I remember," said the parson, "when I was out with a reading party at Cromer—it is very cold there on the coast, but very quiet—that the body of a poor sailor who was drowned was washed ashore, and it was covered with thousands of shrimps and prawns."

"Horrid!" said the lady; "I shall never eat them again."

"Well," answered her husband, "you see that is one of the ways in which we get back to the bosom of our common mother. We are resolved in

various ways into our elements by the wonderful chemistry of Nature."

"To change the subject, Mr. Stapleton," said the lady, "and to get back to our coat-armour and saints, these Vavassors are not the Vavassors you must know. Our family, the Courtenays, are much older than they are, and my family, the Jolliffes, are older still. You see the old grandfather was a Brownville, a London merchant, who took the name of Vavassor: and so much for their coat-armour."

"Oh, vanity of vanities!" said the guest. "And now, since you ask me, I must say that I don't think much of their saints. I believe that the angular treatment is false and not pretty, that the art is not an art but a manufacture, that the step is retrogressive, and that Saints Paul and Barnabas up there would have demurred to their elevation, especially as they did, and that loudly and with manual force, object to being worshipped while in the flesh. Moreover, these windows exclude the light, and force passages of arms and disputation upon us that lead to nothing. If you will have a painted window, fill it with holy sentences and scrolls properly disposed, but then only put it in the chancel, say, where they want colour. Here, in this open country, with the blue or sunny sky without, and the trees waving their green branches in the summer, or frosted and snow-laden in winter, what want we of mediæval saints and questionable coats of arms? Have you read that capital little poem of the 'Painted Window,' Mrs.

Courtenay, in which the poet complains that the heavens now 'are darkened by each intercepting saint?' That's a fine Protestant thought, is it not? Again, he says that in church the dreaming boy could watch the changing sky, and think of God's power—the window

— with the splendour
Of heaven's radiance lit—
A window beautiful indeed,
For God had painted it!

Finally, the poet refuses, and I think rightly, upon this subject of adornment, to look up to painted saints, as he says—

'To bound my soul's perceptions
By their humanity!
To gaze upon God's sainted
Where God was wont to be!'

The thought is very logical and close, and Mr Sawyer's poem deserves study by all who think upon this ever-recurring question."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Courtenay, "you shall lend me the book, and I'll read it; or, better still, you shall read it aloud. But we catch cold here, and tea is ready. Come and look at our study window, and you and I will debate the matter while Herbert writes his sermon."

And so the friends went to tea, and at no late hour, after short family prayers, to bed, in which the guest's dreams were troubled with the wan and worn-looking old church—not unlike its Mother of England, troubled and beaten within and without—and the new gorgeous stained window full of coat-armour and saints.

PHILIP, THE TYPE OF BOLD PETITIONERS.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

"Lord, show us the Father."—John xiv. 8.

THE boldest prayer in the Old Testament is that of Moses on the Mount, when the soul of the lawgiver, expanded by the consciousness of a Divine presence, impelled him to request: "Lord, I beseech thee, show me thy glory." Philip's petition to the Saviour, "Lord, show us the Father," was a parallel temerity. Both Moses and Philip were refused, as to the literal thought of their hearts, for "they knew not what they asked;" but both had vouchsafed to them the only answer which was practicable for flesh and blood to receive—viz., a spiritual display of the Divine glory, in its attributes of righteousness, grace, power, love, and wisdom.

A fellow-citizen with Andrew and Peter of Bethsaida, Philip appears to have been, like them, among the Galilean disciples of the Baptist. The way in which St. John mentions him, and Philip's repetition, almost verbatim, to Nathanael, of

Andrew's words to Peter—viz., "We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write"—intimates the conclusion that he had been previously seeking and expecting the Messiah, and was in close friendship with the sons of Jonah and the sons of Zebedee. To him, first of all the twelve disciples, Jesus addressed the significant bidding: "Follow me" (John i. 43); so that if any precedence in the apostolate were predicable of any one of them, it should be due to Philip, on the score of his priority of call. "He was before them" in the heavenly calling. So soon as his own faith is satisfied by the identification of Jesus of Nazareth as the promised Messiah, he is eager at once to communicate his convictions to one who seems to have been a fellow-student of the Prophecies with him—viz., Nathanael, otherwise called Bartholomew. As the bent of a man's mind, and general character, may be ascertained by the character of his familiar friends, probably Philip, like his friend Nathanael, was "an Israelite

indeed, in whom there was no guile." Indeed, in the apostolic lists, the constant coupling of Philip's name with that of Bartholomew, is one among the arguments which serve to show that Bartholomew and Nathanael were the same person. When Herod's cruelty had brought to a sudden close the ministry of John the Baptist, the office of proclaiming the coming of Messiah's kingdom was entrusted to a new school of preachers; and on this occasion probably Philip, like his companions who had hitherto followed the Baptist, received a new call to a more direct functional discipleship in the preaching of Jesus. Indeed, it is obvious that Jesus himself did not begin to preach until after the imprisonment of his loyal forerunner. This is evident from the statement in Matthew (iv. 12 and 17): "Now when Jesus had heard that John was cast into prison, he departed into Galilee," &c.; and, "From that time Jesus began to preach, and say, Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Beginning with John's text, the blessed Saviour confirmed the testimony of his martyred servant, and bequeathed this preaching of repentance, as the first duty of all his ministers, and established it as the root and ground of all grace in the sinner's heart. True, deep, abiding repentance is the point, without starting from which "we have need that some one should teach us again, which be the first principles of the doctrine of Christ."

When the Twelve were specially ordained to their apostleship, Philip was one of them. The first three Gospels afford us no other information concerning him individually: but St. John, with his characteristic yearning over personal reminiscences, has put on record a few suggestive utterances, from which the moral individuality of Philip may be readily deduced. The ingenuousness of his mind is observable at the outset of his following after Christ. When Nathanael objected to the ignoble quarter whence Jesus came, by the reproach, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Philip appealed for at least the justice of inquiry and examination before rejection, in that candid expostulation, "Come and see." It is because men are disinclined to receive Christianity, and do not "come and see," and study it for themselves, that there is so much prejudice and infidelity abounding.

The earnest, prompt, simple-hearted faith exhibited in Philip's first conversion nevertheless needed training—as who does not?—and Clement of Alexandria (Strom., iii. 25) traces one instance, in Matt. viii. '21, where he recognises Philip in that "other disciple" who pleaded, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father," and who was reminded of even a higher duty, perhaps also reminded of the call which he had previously received, by our Lord's reply: "Let the dead bury their dead: follow thou me, as I have already bidden

thee. Let not my first disciple set an example of tergiversation. Let not the first hand which was put to Messiah's plough turn back and prove itself unfit for the kingdom of God."

When the multitude of temple worshippers, on their way from Galilee to Jerusalem, were drawn aside by the preaching of Jesus, and "many of them who had come from far" were faint with hunger and fatigue, "as sheep without a shepherd" to lead them to their pastures, Jesus asked Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" From which incident Bengel infers that it was Philip's office to provide for the daily sustenance of the Twelve, as it was that of Judas to "carry the bag" from which the cost of their frugal fare was discharged. St. John adds that Jesus asked this "to prove him," to put his faith and discernment to the test, as another lesson in his apostolic training. Philip's answer, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one may take a little," disclosed how little he was prepared to expect, or worthy to co-operate, in the work of Divine power which followed. Here, again, as in John i., he appears in intimate connection with Andrew. Andrew interposes with the remark, "There is a lad here, with five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?" Both Philip and Andrew look at the amount of provision, rather than at the presence of a Divine Providence. They had yet to learn that name of Jesus which their father Abraham trusted: "Jehovah-Jireh" (the Lord will provide). Accordingly, this is the grand lesson of the *miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes*.

After such teaching, well might Jesus chide Philip's dulness of moral vision, in not realising in the person of his Master, the embodiment of the power and presence of Jehovah!

John (chap. xii.) relates the incident of some Hellenic proselytes coming up to Jerusalem to keep the Passover, who, possibly drawn to address Philip because Philip was a Greek name, said, "Sir, we would see Jesus." Instead of immediately conducting them to his Master's presence, the apostle's meekness inclines him first to consult "Andrew: and again Andrew and Philip tell Jesus." In other words, Andrew, his friend and fellow-townsmen, to whom he probably owed his own first introduction to Jesus, is deemed the fitter channel through whom to introduce these strangers. Nor is the connection to be overlooked between the prayer of these Greeks, "We would see Jesus," and Philip's own petition, "Lord, show us the Father," on the occasion of the last occurrence of Philip's name in the records of the Evangelists.

The desire of these Greeks to see Jesus invokes a more than ordinary statement, on the part of our Lord, of his Father's presence and oneness with

him, followed by "the voice from heaven," in the midst of our Lord's praying the words, "Father, glorify thy name," when the Father audibly responded, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again."

The words, and the voice that uttered them, sank deeply into Philip's mind, and he appears to have "pondered them," as Mary did Jesus' sayings, "in his heart." The strong cravings of a passionate, but at that time unenlightened, faith led him to feel that one more revelation was wanting. They heard their Divine Teacher speak of "his Father and of their Father, of his God and their God;" that he was departing to his Father's house of many mansions; that he was going to prepare a place for them—that where he was there they should be also. But why defer till then, at least, a vision of the promised beatitudes? Why refuse them one glimpse of the Divine glory that should be revealed? It was characteristic of Philip's child-like nature to stint his requests or questions to his Master by no reserve nor limitation. "Lord," he exclaims, "show us the Father, and it sufficeth us;" and the answer is peculiarly fitting to Philip. He had all along been eager to lead others to see Jesus. He had himself been with him, looking on him from the commencement of his ministry, and yet he had not really known him. He had evidently thought and speculated on the glory of the Father as something other than the grace and truth, the righteousness and love, the power and glory, which he had witnessed in the Son. Hence the force of our blessed Lord's reply: "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath *seen* me hath seen the Father. How sayest thou then (thou who hast seen me continually), Show us the Father?"

It was possible, as St. Paul intimates, "to know Christ after the flesh," and yet be ignorant of his Divine nature—of his relations to the Father—of his atoning office, and sanctifying Spirit, and therefore St. Paul avowed, "Though I have known Christ after the flesh, I will know him so no more." Probably Philip did not, after this rebuke, and plain declaration of the incarnate Lord's oneness with the Father. If not, then the very boldness of his petition secured a better answer than its literal accordance. He was enabled to see by the eye of faith what had been invisible to the eye of sense, even "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." We need never limit our prayers, so they be offered in sincerity and in submission to the Father's will. We may ask blindly, as Philip did, but "God is the Lord who giveth us light." We may venture any lengths on the largeness of the promise, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Jesus did not blame the magnitude of the request, but the little faith which was betrayed in its associations. Practically, Philip asked for what he already had, viz.,

the sight of the Father in the visible and audible revelations of the Son. Our want of faith and of spiritual discernment is oftener disclosed in the matter of our prayers than we imagine. We impatiently sigh and supplicate blessings which have been long showered upon us with the regularity and plenteousness of the early and the latter rain in its season, and, like Jacob, we are constrained to confess, "Lo, God is here, and I knew it not." We have no record of what impression the Saviour's answer produced upon the mind of Philip, but as he continued a faithful disciple we may infer it "sufficed him." He probably did not yet, so fully as afterwards, realise the true and proper Godhead of his Master; but it is obvious that he believed the words of Jesus, so far as he understood them; and, more than that, trusted Jesus for what he did not understand. There was a profound though undiscerning faith in the very petition, "Lord, show us the Father." At least he believed that the Lord had the power to show the Father—power to enable him and the other disciples to bear the Divine vision, or he would not have ventured on such a prayer. Oh, better to pray in doubt, and in the dark, than not at all! Better, far, to ask for too much, or even for impossibilities, as Moses and Philip did, than dishonour God, and damage our own souls, by never pleading with him. The cry of an earnest, wrestling soul may sound irreverent in man's ears, like Jacob's vow, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me;" or, like David's, "I will give thee no peace." But "the kingdom of heaven suffereth this violence, and the violent take it by force"—the force of believing prayer, which is the mighty lever that moves the hand of Him that moveth all.

Upon the whole the prayer of Philip, notwithstanding its inadvertence, exemplifies the great things which believers should aim at—more knowledge, more intimate communion with Christ, more increasing sight of God, and to seek this blessedness through the revelation of the man Christ Jesus, God manifest in the flesh. Christianity is the Godhead brought down to man, by one who was "made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful High Priest in things pertaining to God." Jesus, the second Adam, is Jehovah in that image of God, in which he reproduced himself in the form of man.

One tradition assigns Parthia, and another Scythia, as the district of Philip's labours as an apostle of Jesus, and the latter charges the Ebionites with the blood-guiltiness of his martyrdom. Wherever the many and varied scenes of his life and ministry were laid, there is no doubt the first-called apostle of the Gospel was loyal to his Lord and Saviour to the last. There was but one final apostate among them all, and even his last words bitterly reproached the infamy of his deed. Let us

be true to Jesus, and he will be true to us. "He cannot deny himself!" Let our prayers rather have regard to His almightiness and grace, than to our own feebleness and utter demerit, "casting all our care upon him," comforted and supported by the loving declaration that "he careth for us." There are only two bold prayers reproofed in the Bible, but the Lord and his servants have reproofed many more that were straitened, feeble, misgiving, and shortcoming, unworthy of God's glory,

and miserably inadequate for the relief of man. We have need to ask, with the disciples, "Lord, teach us how to pray." Philip's petition, at least, evoked a response which proclaimed for the Church in every age Christ's oneness of nature with the eternal Father. Christ incarnate is the type of God, and when Christians are all the types of Christ, his own grand petition to the Father will be answered, that "they all may be one, as we are."

"WAGER OF BATTEL."

LAW seems to be one of the most conservative of human institutions; and if law in general is not so, the law of England most decidedly is. With us, peculiar modes of trial and particular legal doctrines usually become completely obsolete long before they are formally removed from their place in the great system of law. Even when they have ceased to be applied in practice and are universally acknowledged to be but the ghosts of former realities, it is with reluctance and only after repeated agitations, that the law-makers of England are prevailed on to chase away the lingering shadows. Some of these practices, forgotten as well as obsolete, occasionally arise from the graves in which they have been slumbering for ages, and startle the forensic world by the unexpected assertion, and moreover proof, of their continued existence. When the nation recovers from the shock that its nerves have received from the sudden apparition, then at last it resolves to lay the ghost for ever, and an Act of Parliament abolishing the custom or abrogating the law, operates like a magical spell, and the doomed practice vanishes away like a guilty thing, into the misty regions of repealed and lifeless legal doctrines. Such is in few words the history of many an ancient legal custom, and amongst others of that "Wager of Battel" which forms the subject of the present paper, and which continued in theory to be part of our law down to the year 1819.

Wager of battle is but one and the last form of a kind of criminal procedure, which the early history of every nation, in some degree, exhibits. A primitive people has no notion of what is now familiarly known to us all as *circumstantial evidence*, i.e., evidence not drawn from the testimony of eye-witnesses, but founded on a variety of circumstances, which, taken together, tend to show that a certain mode of accounting for a particular occurrence is the true one; and the idea seems never to have suggested itself to our Anglo-Saxon progenitors. If a murderer were caught in the act, or a thief with the thing stolen in his hand, they

dealt with him in a very summary manner indeed, and inflicted an immediate punishment. But if the guilt of the murderer or thief were not thus plainly apparent, they never dreamt of proving it by putting together, as we now do, a number of suspicious circumstances which, if unexplained by the accused, would remove from the minds of his judges all doubt on the subject. The way they proceeded was this—when a formal accusation was brought against a person, the burthen of proving his innocence was thrown on the accused party himself, and his chance of escape depended altogether on the character which he bore amongst his fellows. He was acquitted if he could bring a certain number of persons, called compurgators, to swear that they believed him innocent of the crime with which he was charged; but if he could not get the requisite number of persons to bear this testimony in his favour, he was condemned without any further evidence whatever; unless, indeed, he had elected to be tried by another primitive mode of trial, known as ordeals, or God's judgments, the immediate forerunners of wager of battle, by which they were completely supplanted under the Norman kings.

Without the connivance of his judges, in the ordeals by hot water and by fire, it was only by a miracle that any accused person could ever escape; and so far as respects the believers in their efficacy, the ordeals were simply presumptuous appeals to the Deity to suspend the ordinary laws by which his government of the universe is carried on, and to work a special miracle in order to attest the innocence of the person charged; and an expectation that he would do so seems, also, to have formed the basis, at least in Christian countries, of judicial combats, or wagers of battle, wherever they existed.

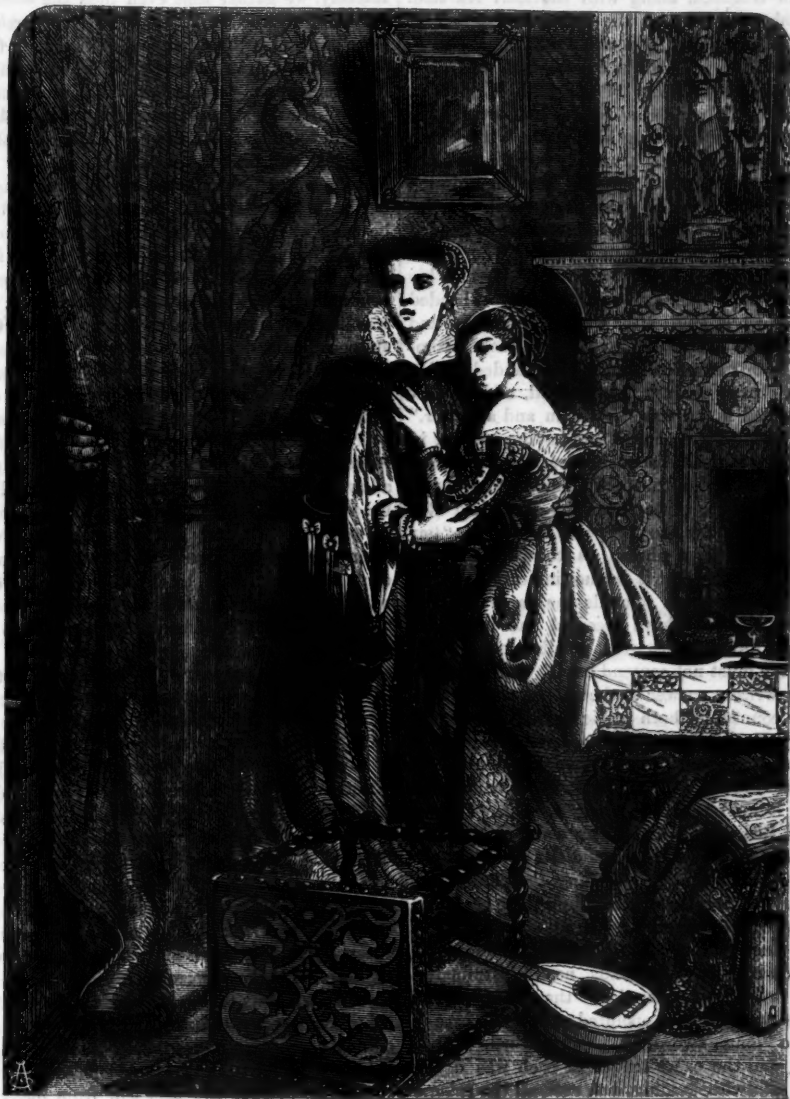
Wager of battle was not confined to cases in which a person was accused of having committed some crime; it was also allowed in cases of dispute as to the ownership of land. The only difference between the two cases seems to have been, that in a dispute as to land, the battle was waged by champions chosen by each party, whereas, in

criminal cases, the fight was maintained by the parties themselves. Let us take the case of an ordinary criminal *appeal*, as it was called, in which one party, called the appellant, *appealed* or accused of the murder of some of his relatives another party called the appellee, but whom, for the sake of simplicity, we shall call the accused. Both parties came into court, armed, and when the accused pleaded not guilty to the charge, he threw down his glove and undertook to defend the same with his body; and the accuser took it up and accepted the challenge. Then the accused, holding in one hand the Bible, and in the other the hand of his accuser, addressed him thus, as an old writer informs us:—"Heere you this, you man whom I hold by the hand, which are called John by the name of baptism, that I, Thomas, such a yeere, such a day, in such a place, the aforesaid murder of thy father [or brother, or sister, as the case might be], neither did doe, nor go about, neither purposed nor assented to such a felonie, as you have alleged, so God mee helpe and his saints." To this the accuser, acting in a similar manner to the accused, replied, "You are perjured. For on such a day, such a yeere, in such a place, you did such murder, which I have alleged against you, or whereof I challenge you; so God mee helpe and his saints." Then, provided the case against the accused were not so strong as to preclude all possibility of doubt, a trial by battle was awarded by the Court, and both parties were compelled to find sureties that they would not fail to appear on the day appointed. A piece of ground for the fight was then marked out, and the weapons were got ready, and carefully measured: to wit, in ordinary cases, batons and staves an ell long, and a four-cornered leather target. Before commencing the fight, however, another important preliminary had to be observed; each combatant had to take an oath that he had that day "neither eat, drank, nor had upon him neither bones, stones, nor grass, nor any enchantment, sorcery, or witchcraft; whereby the law of God might be abused, or the law of the devil exalted." The fight began at sunrise of the day appointed, and it lasted till the stars appeared in the evening, provided the parties were able to maintain it so long. If the accused (on a capital charge) were vanquished, but not killed, he was hanged at once; but if he vanquished the accuser, or killed him, or if the accuser yielded and pronounced the word "craven," or if the fight could be maintained till the stars appeared, in all these cases the accused was acquitted of the charge, and could not afterwards be tried for the same offence in any other manner. If the fight were for life and death, we are told by another old writer (Verstegen, in his "Restitution of Deceased Intelligence in Antiquities") that a bier stood ready to carry away the body of him that

was slain, a circumstance which must have added additional solemnity to what was throughout a very solemn proceeding. The beholders were strictly prohibited from crying out or making any sign whatever; and this writer mentions one occasion when the executioner stood beside the judges, ready with an axe to cut off the right hand and left foot of any one who offended in this particular. No woman or child under thirteen was permitted to be present.

The combat was but one step in a formal, legal trial, and some of the judges were always present to give final judgment in accordance with the issue of the fight. We read of one battle awarded in the thirteenth year of Elizabeth's reign, at which the judges of the Court of Common Pleas attended in their wigs and scarlet robes, along with the serjeants-at-law. The dispute had been about the ownership of land, and so the parties were allowed to fight by chosen champions. The champion of the demandant, or challenger, was first led in by a worthy knight, carrying a baton tipped with horn, whilst a yeoman carried his target made of double leather. They came in at the north side of the lists, and having advanced to the middle of it, then proceeded to the bar before the judges, where they made three "solemn congies." Having done this they retired to the south side of the lists, where the champion took his stand. The other champion was then brought in from the south side, and, having gone through the same ceremonies, took up a position on the north side facing his antagonist. A curious feature in the affair is, that two learned serjeants-at-law stood in the midst between them as counsel for each party, to argue, we may suppose, the legality or illegality of everything that admitted of argumentation, such as the length of the weapons, the size of the targets, and the other preliminary requisites. The presence of the learned serjeants will help us to understand how these combats might sometimes last from sunrise till the stars appeared on a summer's evening. Everything being ready for the fight, the demandant in the action was solemnly called, but he did not appear, and without his presence there could be no combat. Then the serjeant for the other party prayed the Court (for the judges sat there as a court) that judgment might be given in favour of his client, which was accordingly done, in due form, by the Lord Chief Justice; and the 4,000 persons present dispersed, amidst shouts of "God save the Queene!"

The most famous case of which we have any account occurred in the seventh year of Charles I., A.D. 1631. It was an appeal of treason by Donald Lord Rea, a Scottish nobleman, against David Ramsay, a Scotch courtier. Rea accused Ramsay of having spoken treasonable words against the king beyond sea. Such offences, when committed beyond sea,



(Drawn by A. THOMPSON.)

"Marie, courage! ah! that hand—

'Are you friend or foe!'"—p. 315.

were, in those times, only punishable in a court which has long since ceased to exist—the Court of Chivalry—presided over by the Lord High Constable of England, along with the Earl Marshal. The trial took place in the Painted Chamber at Westminster, before the two functionaries mentioned, and several other lords-assistant. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 28th November, ushered in with heralds and serjeants-at-arms, came the Earl Marshal, holding his marshal's truncheon of gold, tipped with black, making way for the Lord High Constable, who followed. The commission to hold the court, stating the names of the parties and the nature of the offence charged, was handed to the High Constable and read. There was also delivered to him by the King of Heralds his silver verge, or staff, half a yard in length, headed with a crown of gold; after which, the accuser and accused were ushered in by heralds, each accompanied by his sureties. Lord Rea handed in his written charge against the accused, adding that if he denied it, he was "a villain and a traitor." Ramsay denied the charge, and having replied in the language usual on such occasions, that Rea was "a liar, and a barbarous villain," he threw down his glove, protesting that if he had Rea in a fit place for the purpose, he would "gar him dy" for it, a phrase as to which it will be enough to say that it did not indicate the most benevolent intentions towards the party referred to. Rea seems to have received the polite rejoinder of Ramsay with great goodhumour, saying only, "We must not contend here." Ramsay then put in a written answer to the charge against him, and the counsel for both parties indulged in a preliminary combat, but only one of words, in behalf of their respective clients. Then the Lord Constable, taking the written charge in his hands, and folding it up, put it into the glove thrown down by Lord Rea, and held the charge and glove in his right hand, and in his left hand the glove and the answer of Ramsay. Then joining the charge, the answer, and the gloves, and folding them together, he, along with the Earl Marshal, adjudged a combat to take place on the 12th of April following, "in the fields called Tuttle Fields, near Westminster, in the presence of our lord the king." The weapons were then appointed; in this case a spear, a long sword, a short sword, and a dagger, and the exact length of each was determined. Notwithstanding, however, all the solemn preliminaries in the Court of Chivalry, notwithstanding all the preparations subsequently made for the battle, and the interest which its approach created, no fight took place. The king first postponed the day of battle, and ultimately took the matter into his own hands. Both Rea and Ramsay were committed to the Tower till they found sureties for their peaceable behaviour

towards each other, and we hear nothing further of the quarrel between them.

From the circumstances attending the trial of Ramsay, we gather that even then the scandal of determining the right between two parties by force of arms, or by an appeal to the Deity for his direct intervention in behalf of the innocent, was fully perceived; yet the law was allowed for ages to continue the same; though we do, indeed, hear of a bill to amend it in the year 1623; but the bill dropped and matters continued as they were. We find the Court awarding another wager of battle in the year 1638, in the case of a dispute between one Claxton and the father of the celebrated Republican John Lilburne. After it was awarded, many efforts were made to prevent its coming off; and, when all other means failed, resort was had to a mistake in the record of the Court, supposed to have been wilfully made, which the judges held to be an informality of a fatal nature; and so an expectant public were again disappointed. One would have thought that after this, a procedure which was considered too scandalous to be carried out in practice, would no longer be allowed to remain part of our statute law. But we hear of no attempt to do away with the scandal for about a century and a half after, and the attempt was not successful for upwards of two centuries after, when, to the astonishment of the nation, the right of battle was again claimed, and the Court of King's Bench was compelled to allow it as part of the existing law of the land. This took place in the year 1818, with respect to the case of Abraham Thornton, a labouring man, of the parish of Aston, near Birmingham, who was accused by another labouring man, named Ashford, of having murdered his sister. Thornton, pleaded "Not guilty," and declared himself ready to defend the same with his body. He then took off his glove—an article of wearing apparel which he probably found it necessary to purchase for the occasion—and threw it down upon the floor of the court. On this an adjournment took place, and the legal arguments on the subject were next entered on. It was always necessary, where wager of battle was permitted, that there should be some doubt as to the guilt of the accused; for if the case against him were too manifest to admit of doubt, he was not allowed the privilege of judicial combat. In the present case, the presumptions against the accused, from many suspicious circumstances, were very strong, but the Court held that, as the presumptions were not so strong as to leave no possible doubt of his guilt in their minds, the accused should be allowed the wager of battle, to which he was entitled by the law of the land. The accuser having determined not to proceed further, Thornton was discharged from the appeal, which, it must be remembered,

was a personal accusation of one man by another, and not a prosecution by the Crown. After his discharge, Thornton was handed over to the Crown side of the Court, and was arraigned at the suit of the king. He pleaded his previous acquittal on the appeal, which the Attorney-General, being present, confessed to be true, and so Thornton was again discharged; and, instead of leaving court a

condemned felon, he walked out of it a free man, thanks to the tenacity with which the English cling to their laws, and their reluctance to do away with formally that which they dare not put in practice. But this event was too much for the public. An Act of Parliament of the next year abolished wager of battle for ever; and no one by it shall either perish or be saved in England again.

FRIEND OR FOE?

(EVE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.)

TIS the wind that's groaning
Down the corridor,
Like the roused sea moaning,
On a storm-beat shore.

How the torch is flaring
In the court below!
Hark! I hear a footstep;
Is it friend or foe?

Wild the wind is surging
Down the avenue;
Trees in fear are struggling,
As if they, too, knew
All that's wrought in Paris
On this ghastly night.
Saviour, God in heaven,
Send the morning light!

Marie, hear the screech-owl,
From the distant wood,
Screaming out her warnings
To her wistful brood.
Yes, again that glimmer,
Far across the down.
That way there is danger—
There lies Paris town!

François, take your carbine,
Guard the postern-door;
Robert, with your rapier,
Watch the upper floor—
We are few—to guard us
From the murderer's blow;
Henri, let our word be—
"Are you friend or foe?"

Roll the powder-barrel
Near the petronel;
See the wadding ready,
And the ball fit well.
Guise's men are cruel
As the Medici.
How the moaning night wind
Moves the tapestry!

See, 'tis but my dreaming.
In the mirror look;
Cabinet and prie-dieu,
Pictured wall and book.
Nothing more, my Marie?
Yet there seem to rise
Bleeding, writhing faces,
With beseeching eyes.

Save our dear ones, Paris;
Huguenots, be brave;
There is One above us
Who has power to save.
Marie, clasp me closer;
You are faint with fear.
Marie, dear, remember
God is ever near.

Though a flood of torches
Blaze at every door;
Though the murderers' foot-tramp
Shake this very floor—
Calmly trusting Heaven,
I will bide the blow.
Marie, courage! ah! that hand—
"ARE YOU FRIEND OR FOE?"

WALTER THORNBURY.

DEEPPDALE VICARAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARK WARREN."

CHAPTER LVIII.

AN ACCIDENT.

PHIL went bounding down the village. He was in capital spirits. There was nothing he liked better than what he was going to do. He loved Mrs. Melrose dearly, and he wished to befriend her to the utmost. But this was not all. The excitement of the

thing would be prodigious. It would be better even than killing rats!

He bounded along towards the residence of Dr. Plume. By the time he reached it, he presented an appearance that baffles description. But this mattered little to Phil. The doctor's gig stood at the door, and as Phil came recklessly on, Frank Chauncey, hurrying out of the house, jumped into it. He would

have been off in a trice, if Phil had not planted himself deliberately before the horse's head.

"I say, Mr. Chauncey, I want to speak to you."

"You must come again, Phil. I can't stay. Just step aside, will you?"

"No, I won't; not till you've heard what I've come to say!" exclaimed Phil, sturdily.

There was never any arguing with Phil. Frank knew that. The boy would be wilful to the end, if he chose. As Frank was in great haste, he bade the man dismount.

"Now, Phil, jump in! You can say what you want as we drive along. I haven't a minute to spare."

Phil, radiant with delight, jumped in at once bound. This was a way of settling the matter that he liked very much.

Frank drove off full speed. He had been sent for to a case of accident. A gentleman had been thrown from his horse, and lay at the inn in the next village, waiting for medical assistance. Consequently, no time was to be lost. Nor was time to be lost as far as Phil was concerned. With more clearness and consistency than might have been expected, he laid the matter before Frank. The matter of the mysterious individual at the vicarage. The circumstances of Clara Melrose's supposed guilt, were already known to every inhabitant of Deepdale.

Frank listened to the story attentively. He had been interested, from the first, in the peculiar situation of the widow. His own varied experience had taught him lessons of mercy and of forbearance. He had forborne to judge Clara Melrose. Still, the prospect of clearing up the mystery was somewhat slight and unsatisfactory. He explained to Phil, as they drove along, that his Quixotic idea of scouring the country in search of a man who might be, by this time, at the other end of the globe was not the right way of proceeding. They must go to work with more judgment and common sense.

Phil, according to his own account, could recognise the man anywhere. Be it so. He must give a full description of him to the detective police, and let them do their best to find him. It might be he would never be found at all; and even if he were found, could Crosskeys and Lewin be induced to drop the prosecution? For his own part, Frank thought the evidence against the widow very unsatisfactory. It seemed to him a curious case of local persecution.

Phil would have hugged him as he said this, but for the danger, at the rate they were going, of upsetting the gig.

It was resolved, however, ere the two friends reached their destination, that decided counter-steps should be taken. The police should be set to work, the countess written to, and indeed every means employed to rescue the unhappy woman from her fate.

Just as this decision was arrived at, the spire of a village church came in sight. It was the village to which Frank was going.

Accidents are fearful comments on the frailty and the insecurity of life. An hour ago, a man in the

prime of health, as it seemed, had ridden through the village. His horse, a splendid animal, took fright and threw him, and the man's head struck against a stone. He lay, now, speechless and unconscious, at the inn by the wayside, and the pitying villagers stood all around waiting for the doctor. Frank drove hastily up to the inn. He knew it was a case of life or death.

The inn was crowded. All the people in the place were there. They had laid the sufferer on a couch upon the floor of the lower room. There he remained, still unconscious. No one had the least idea who he was. There was not a single clue to his identity. He was a man in the prime of life. His clothes were of the best style, and the newest fashion. The simple country folks thought he was a person of distinction.

The women and children, who principally crowded about the door, gave place to the doctor. Frank, bidding Phil hold his horse, went into the room. It was a low room, close, and full of people. First of all, Frank opened the window to admit some air; next, he requested all persons present, who could not be of actual use, to withdraw.

His orders were obeyed, and he was left alone with his patient and the landlady, who was acting as nurse. Then Frank turned to the couch. The little apartment of the inn was very dark and gloomy. A great tree grew just before the windows, and did not allow much light to enter. He had to approach very near in order to see the features of the man with any distinctness. Frank's eye fell upon the head which lay unconscious on the pillow. The brown, curling locks, suggested to him some startling memories. The features, careworn and dissipated, but still handsome, the hand with its glittering ring, could belong to no one else.

Frank's very brain seemed to swim, for he recognised the individual before him, the man lying at the point of death, as his father—as Reginald Chauncey!

What he did here, riding his splendid steed and still attired in the old sumptuous fashion, Frank could not even guess. He knew that through this man's sin his mother had died of grief. Ah! the sorrows, the heartaches, the bitter privations, the shame, the ignominy, heaped on their devoted heads because of him! It would not do to recollect them now. Better to think of his mother's last words—her dying appeal to his forgiveness and his mercy. Better to think of Him who, on the very cross, prayed for his enemies!

As Frank, still half-stunned and agitated, applied himself to the exercise of his medical skill, he resolved strictly to keep his own counsel. No one had been present during the last few moments, which had been so terrible. The woman had retired, as she said, out of the doctor's way. There were no witnesses to Frank's recognition of his father.

If Reginald Chauncey had been so mad as to brandish his gorgeous person in the eyes of the world, Frank would not hurry on the consequences. There was no clue to his identity, and there should be none,

as far as the world was concerned. But it would be well for him that he had fallen into the hands of his son.

"For my mother's sake I will cherish him to the last," thought Frank, softening more and more to the unconscious sufferer before him: for he had not as yet given the least sign of recovery.

Suppose he were to die! Frank shuddered as he thought how probable it was. Ah! then how earnestly he would pray that for some short period, at least, reason might resume her seat, that Reginald Chauncey might have space for repentance!

Frank resolved another thing, likewise, in the hurry and tumult of his thoughts. He would not leave his father. He would remain with him till the interval of imminent peril was over. Then he could better decide what to do.

Thinking thus, and having done all that the immediate necessity of the case required, he stepped from the room. Very pale he looked as he came out into the broad daylight.

Phil was standing by the gig, in such a state of abstraction that Frank had to speak twice before he paid any attention. Then he turned eagerly round, and was about to say something, when Frank stopped him. He asked him to take back the gig, and tell Dr. Plume that he should not be able to return for some hours. His patient was in a very critical situation, and could not possibly be left.

"Do you hear, Phil?" said Frank, tapping him on the shoulder.

"Oh, yes! I hear; but," and Phil came close up and spoke in a tone of unusual solemnity, "I have seen the man!"

"The man!—where?" cried Frank, looking hastily round.

"While you were gone I looked in at the patient—I saw him quite plain," said Phil, in great excitement.

"Saw whom? I don't know what you mean," cried Frank, confused and perplexed.

"The man who lies on the floor—I could swear to him anywhere! He's the man I saw come out of Deepdale Vicarage!"

CHAPTER LIX.

FATHER AND SON.

FRANK stood a few minutes like one paralysed. People were all about him; curious villagers with ears greedy for intelligence. Phil was looking eagerly into his face. Dangers and pitfalls of every kind encompassed him—vague and horrible doubts overwhelmed him; and but a single moment was allowed him to decide how he was to act. Happily, Frank was by nature prompt, or it would have gone hard with him. He drew Phil on one side.

"Phil," said he, "we will search the matter to the bottom; you may be sure of that. But you must remember, that if you did see this man at the vicarage, it proves nothing."

Phil's countenance looked very crestfallen.

"And till we have sifted the matter," continued

Frank, earnestly, "I must beg of you, as a friend, to hold your peace on the subject. You are a mere lad; I am a man, and I know how dangerous it would be to bring a false accusation against this—this stranger. Will you attend to me, Phil?"

It was the most distasteful turn the affair could have taken. Phil had been feasting his imagination with the idea of how he would rush back to Deepdale, and blazon abroad, right and left, that he had found the man who had stolen the old vicar's money.

It took some little time to pacify him. Frank had to use argument, and authority too, ere he could win from him a promise of silence. Once made, he knew the promise would be kept with fidelity: Phil had never yet broken his word. This matter settled, Phil, with a gloomy and disappointed countenance, got into the gig and drove homeward: and Frank went back to the inn.

The remedies used had already produced some effect. The sick man's eyes were open; partial consciousness was returning.

Frank had told the landlord of his intention to remain. The landlord, who supposed the gentleman to be a man of wealth, if not even a sprig of nobility, did not express any surprise.

"Them as can pay are sure to get well attended to," said he to his wife.

In which second instance the landlord was at fault.

Frank then took up his post in the little low room of the village inn.

The crowd had dispersed ere this, and the street was almost deserted. The woman who acted as nurse took the opportunity of the doctor's presence to attend to her household arrangements: so Frank was pretty much alone.

It was very little he could do for the sick man. Reginald Chauncey lay, for some time, in a kind of stupor. Not for some hours did he sufficiently recover to be aware of what had befallen him. Towards evening, however, he revived; and his eye began to wander, with an expression of wonder, round the room: then, he put his hand to his head, as if bewildered to find himself there.

Frank had withdrawn himself a little, anxious to spare his father the shock of a discovery, which must needs be painful. But his manoeuvre was unsuccessful: Reginald Chauncey saw him. His face expressed wonder, mingled now with an expression of alarm. Where was he? What had happened to him? He strove to raise himself on his elbow, but he was too weak; he sank back on his pillow and groaned. Then Frank came forward; he stepped to the side of the rude couch, spread upon the floor; he knelt down and whispered, not tenderly perhaps, it was hardly in nature that he should do so, but still in a tone of compassion, "Father!"

Reginald Chauncey looked up inquiringly into the face of his son; then he feebly put forth his hand.

"Frank! how comes it that you are here?"

Frank told him; he related how he had been sent for, and what was the result. He informed his father of the accident that had befallen him.

Reginald Chauncey's ideas on that subject were confused, and without any precise data; he remembered his horse stumbling, but nothing more.

"Till I awoke and found myself here;—ah! my dear Frank, what a wretched hole it is!"

The old tone, the old scornful look! Frank knew it but too well. Reginald Chauncey was evidently somewhat better. Glancing round the room, he said to Frank, "You will keep counsel Frank? *Not a word.*"

Frank looked at him reproachfully: he was thinking of his mother.

"And the sooner you can get me on my legs, the better. I could not exist here many days!"

"I will do my best," said Frank, coldly.

"So you have become a doctor, eh, Frank?"

Frank made a gesture of assent.

"It's a famous thing for me, as it happens. How long have I lain here?"

"About two hours."

"I suppose I did not say anything. Men blab so when their brains have had a knock. Did I blab, Frank?"

The flippancy of the tone, shocked Frank beyond anything.

"You said not a word," replied he, at length.

"Ah, that's right! Reginald Chauncey always knew how to take care of himself. Now, my dear Frank, do bestir yourself!"

Frank looked at his father.

"You see what a den this is. Perhaps I could be moved into a better room; the best, in fact, that the landlord has. Just see about it, will you?"

"I should not recommend such a step," replied Frank.

"Shouldn't you? Would it do me harm?"

"I feel sure it would. You ought to be kept perfectly quiet."

"If you think so, I will stay where I am; but, at all events, I might have some wine."

"Not a drop!" said Frank, energetically.

"Really, Frank, I think I shall change my doctor!"

Frank was silent. Silent also was Reginald Chauncey for a time. Then he began again, "You must order me plenty of good things, Frank. I won't undertake to live low."

"Ah!" thought Frank, "how has my mother been compelled to live!"

He did not judge it expedient to acquaint Mr. Chauncey with the fact of his wife's decease. Perhaps he knew it already; and yet Frank could hardly suppose it possible. He had not on a scrap of mourning.

"I can't live low, Frank. It is not likely," said Mr. Chauncey, in a complaining tone.

Frank had now to tell his father that great care and prudence were necessary, or he would not perhaps be able to live at all. He represented this in plain language; otherwise his patient would have proved unmanageable. Reginald Chauncey was one of those men who are terrible cowards at the thought of death. He yielded at once to the authority of his son; he became all docility and obedience. He was

willing to do anything and everything, so he might live. *Live, on any terms—but live!*

CHAPTER LX.

"I SHALL HAVE NO NAME."

FRANK went home to sleep. His patient had so far recovered that he was able to do so. He went, promising to return in the morning.

The landlord of the inn had naturally enough inquired the name of the stranger. But Reginald Chauncey had refused to give it.

"While I am here I shall have no name. You may call me what you like," said he to the landlord's wife.

This circumstance might have excited suspicion in some minds. It did not in that of the landlord. He set it down to eccentricity, and the probability increased that his involuntary guest was a man of title and distinction.

It is not to be supposed that Frank got much rest that night. He was haunted by Phil's declaration—"He is the man!" He did not think Phil was mistaken as to identity. The Irish lad was too sharp for that. But if Phil were not mistaken, there would occur an unpleasant coincidence. What was Reginald Chauncey doing at the vicarage? There were several passages in Reginald Chauncey's career, that had never been thoroughly made out. Gambling, swindling, betting—from none of these sins had he been altogether innocent. His brilliant manners and appearance, the hold he had gotten upon society, cast a veil over his sins. His sins were glossed over and kept out of sight. But were they less deadly for that? What was he doing at the vicarage? It rang in Frank Chauncey's head increasingly. Was it possible that Reginald Chauncey had taken the old vicar's money?

He rose in the morning unrefreshed, and feeling as though an incubus were pressing him down. Dr. Plume, whose curiosity was excited, had prepared a whole string of questions.

"Well, Frank"—he had begun to call him by this familiar appellation—"and what of the patient?"

"There is nothing particular in the case, sir," replied Frank, steadfastly regarding his teacup; "a contusion of the head, and a fracture of the leg—not a very serious one, I hope."

"Then he will recover?"

"I think so."

"Who is he, Frank?"

"He refuses to give his name."

"Indeed! and what is he like?"

"He is like—himself, I suppose," stammered Frank.

"Ha! ha! very good! very good!" laughed the doctor; "but I mean, what sort of an individual is he—a gentleman, or a snob?"

"I think he wishes to be supposed a gentleman," hesitated Frank.

"Oh, very well! By the way, you will have to attend to him. This odious ankle seems inclined to do its worst."

Frank rose from table.

"You don't mean to say you have finished your breakfast?" cried the doctor; "why, you have eaten nothing!"

"Thank you; I am late," replied Frank, laconically. As he got into the gig, Phil ran up to him.

"Mr. Chauncey, may I tell to-day?"

"Not on any account!" replied Frank, in a tone of alarm.

"Because it's very tiresome," said Phil, with a look of vexation. "Mrs. Melrose is fretting, and miserable; and that rascal, Simon Crosskeys——"

"What is Simon Crosskeys doing, pray?" asked Frank, sharply.

"Oh, he's doing nothing—I should like to catch him at it! He and Lewin have promised to wait and see; and now you won't let me tell!" added the boy, in a tone of vexation.

"No; certainly not, at present."

"What do you mean by the present?"

"Until the—gentleman is out of danger."

"What's his name?" asked Phil, abruptly.

"Now, Phil," cried Frank, "please let me set off. Only think how you are detaining me!"

Phil had hold of the horse's bridle.

"I will let you go when you have told me his name."

The boy's sharp black eye rested upon Frank with such persistency, that he had no alternative but to stammer out, "He will not give his name."

A sense of shame tingled through every nerve as he said the words—burning shame, that dyed his cheeks with crimson. Seizing the reins, which Phil had let go, he set off at full gallop.

(To be continued.)

JENNY'S TEXT.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.



HAT text have I to learn to-day, mamma?" said Jenny.

"Bring me your Testament, my dear child, that I may show it you," replied her mother.

"Here it is: I will read it to you." She then slowly and distinctly read from 1 Cor. xiii. 4: "Charity suffereth long, and is kind."

Jenny sat down on a chair, opposite to her mamma, with the book before her. It took hardly a minute to learn these six simple words; and when she had committed them to memory, and had repeated them, her mamma explained the meaning of the text.

Jenny, though still very young, was a thoughtful child, and listened very attentively to the instruction given her, by her mother.

Shortly afterwards, Jenny was told that she might go and fetch her new doll to play with for half an hour, until school-time. The little girl, quite pleased, ran up-stairs to the play-room, and drew out the toy-drawer, where she had left it last evening, but could not find it. Jenny thought its disappearance very strange, and began to search round the room for it. While she was thus engaged in her fruitless search—in the cupboard—under the drawers—and everywhere she could think of, her brother Alfred, who was a year or two older than herself, came running up to the door, and peeping in slyly, said to her, his eyes twinkling with mischief—

"Jenny, I know what you are looking for; but I guess you'll not find it here."

"Have you been hiding it anywhere? If so, do tell me," she said, with a beseeching look.

"Not I," said he, laughing; "you may find it yourself, if you can!" and saying this, he ran off down-stairs, making a great clatter with his heavy garden shoes.

Jenny, feeling sure that her brother had been playing her some trick for the sake of fun, of which he was too fond, followed him as quickly as she could down-stairs; but before she had reached the

bottom, she heard the street-door shut with a bang.

Jenny knew that she should now see no more of him until after school was over, and felt disposed to go and tell her mamma how unkindly he had behaved to her; but she remembered her text and the lesson she had been taught upon it, and said to herself, "It is very hard, to be deprived of my doll in this way; but it would be still harder to grieve God, by indulging angry feelings against my brother."

So, instead of going to complain of him to her mother, she went again in search of the missing doll, and at last found it quite safe and sound under the pillow, on her own bed. But now it was time to go to school, and she was obliged immediately to put it by again in the drawer, without having any play with it at all.

Jenny then set off to school. She said her lessons well, wrote a very neat exercise, and was so good a pupil that her governess could not help commending her conduct before all the girls in the class. One of these who was much her elder, and who had that very morning been sharply reprov'd for her carelessness, felt much displeased with her governess; but when she heard her praising Jenny for her good behaviour, she felt so angry that, though she dared not say anything against her governess personally, she tried to vex her by treating what she called the pet with as much contempt and ill-nature as she could. Jenny was frowned at and sneered at by this ill-disposed girl; but still, with the text yet fresh in her mind, she bore all without showing any feeling of resentment. Her schoolfellow was provoked so much the more, that she determined to do something which might make her lose her governess's favour. Watching her opportunity when her governess's back was turned towards her, she slipped stealthily behind Jenny, while she was busily occupied with her copy-book, and nudged the poor little child's arm, causing her to blot and smear the copy.

Poor Jenny, seeing all her care wasted in a moment,

felt the colour rise to her cheeks, and tears of vexation start to her eyes, and when she turned her face reproachfully to the spiteful girl who had acted so shamefully, and saw the malicious grin upon her face, she felt she could scarcely refrain from going up to her governess and telling her all about it. She perceived, indeed, that she needed to do this for her own justification, for she could not in any other way prove to her governess that she had not been most idle and careless; but then the text came to her mind, and she seemed to hear her mother saying to her again, "Remember, my dear, that charity means love. Now, if you should meet to-day with harsh, or even cruel treatment, you must try to bear it patiently, for love is patient and long-suffering." So, in a spirit of meek resignation to her misfortune, she applied herself diligently to write her copy over again; but before she had half completed it, her governess called her to show it her, and finding so little of it done, she expressed great astonishment, and remarked that had she known she was going to be so idle she should certainly not have praised her so much as she had done before.

Jenny felt this undeserved reproof so keenly that she burst into tears, and her cruel enemy glanced at her with a look of triumph. "Oh," thought Jenny, "how hard it is to suffer for well-doing! I am afraid I shall give way."

When school was closed, Jenny hurried home for fear her ill-natured schoolfellow should overtake her, and begin teasing her again; and as it was a half-holiday, she went out in the afternoon to play with her hoop in the garden. Nothing happened to disturb her enjoyment until an hour after, when she came indoors, intending to read a nice interesting book which her aunt Elizabeth had lent to her. She had already taken it up in her hand, and was just going to sit down with it by the fire-side, when her brother came in, and throwing down his jacket on the floor beside her, said to her, "Jenny, I want you to mend this great rent in my jacket-sleeve; please make haste. I should like to have it done before any one sees it, or mamma will be angry with me."

Jenny felt very reluctant to lay down the book and take up the jacket, especially as it appeared likely to be a very long and difficult task, and her brother was so impatient to have it done quickly. She hardly knew what answer to make to him about it, but said, "I'm afraid I cannot do it as it ought to be done; perhaps you had better wait till mamma comes home, and tell her how it was torn, and if it was done by accident, she will not scold you."

"Oh! no," said Alfred, pettishly; "I know you want me to be punished for this, because I hid your doll this morning. You ought not to be so spiteful, Jenny. If you don't mend my sleeve for me, I shall be obliged to tell mamma that it was through scrambling over a thorn-bush to catch a young squirrel which I knocked down from a tree with a great stone; and I'm sure she will be angry with me if she hears all the truth."

Jenny assured her brother that he was wrong in thinking she cherished any ill-will towards him for hiding her doll; and to prove how ready she was to forgive and to forget, and to do as her morning's text had taught her, she promised to try her best to mend his jacket. At the same time Jenny rose up and fetched her workbox, and set to work to repair the sleeve as well as she could. It was, however, a hard and tedious task; and poor Jenny had her patience tried to the utmost by Alfred's incessant grumbling at what he called her awkwardness and slowness.

At length the jacket was done. Alfred put it on; and, hardly waiting to thank his sister for her kindness, rushed hastily out of the house to go to the village shop to buy some nuts for his squirrel, which he had brought home and made a prisoner of in a birdcage that hung on a nail against the wall in the garden.

When he came home, he went there to feed and play with it. He jumped upon the garden-seat, and looked up to the cage, which he intended to take down from the nail, when he saw that it was empty, and the little wire door at the side was wide open. He was filled with vexation, and in his rage he dashed the cage down upon the ground.

At that moment his sister went into the yard to call him in to tea. Already in a violent passion about the loss of his pet, he returned his sister a most unkind answer, and even, provokingly, blamed her as the cause of his misfortune, saying—

"If you had not taken such a long time to mend my jacket, I could have fetched my squirrel in before it had time to break open the door and work itself out of the cage."

Jenny went in with her heart so full of mortification at her brother's ill-treatment, that she was unable to contain it any longer; and throwing herself upon her knees, and burying her face with her hands before her eyes on her mother's lap, she gave vent to a flood of tears. Her mamma, who was seated at the table waiting to begin tea with her two children, wondered what could be the matter with Jenny.

After a few minutes Jenny became a little calm, and her mamma whispered to her, very softly, "Tell me, my dear, what ails you."

The sobbing child replied, "Oh! mamma, I've been trying hard all day to remember my verse, and to be kind to everybody, even to those who have ill-used me; but it has been at times almost too much for me, and I now feel ready to give way at last."

She then told her mother all her griefs through the day, and what had just happened between herself and her brother.

Her mamma said to her, "I am thankful my little daughter has remembered her verse so well till now; but I hope she will still try to subdue the impatient and angry feelings which are now trying hard to gain the mastery over her."

Jenny did so; and ever after she continued to struggle successfully to exercise that "charity which suffereth long, and is kind."